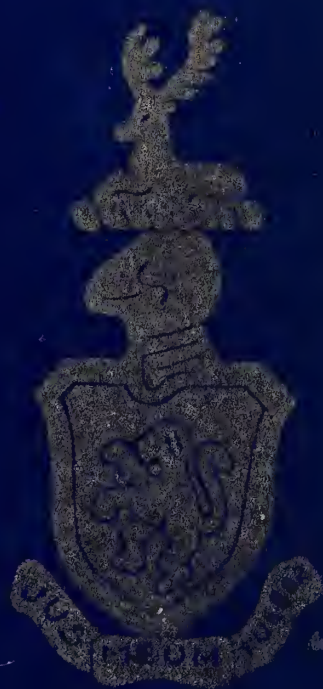


Vox Collegii



1951



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VOX COLLEGII

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit"

VOL. LXI

WHITBY, JUNE, 1951

No. 1

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Foreword

Again it is my privilege to introduce Vox Collegii. This number, I am sure, will stand high among its predecessors and the Editor and her Staff are to be congratulated for their work.

Some captured generals were brought to Wellington's tent after the battle of Waterloo. Lacking all dignity and sense of honour, the generals cringed before the victor; they sought first to save their own lives. "So with one accord they began to make excuse" and then in flattering voice they proclaimed how pleased they were that, if they were to be beaten, they should be beaten by the greatest general in all Europe! Suddenly Wellington, unable to endure this shallow adulation any longer, uttered a sharp command that shamed these men into a fuller stature more becoming to their person: "Gentlemen, your swords!"

It needs a sharp command in these days to waken us from the moral lethargy into which people are in grave danger of slipping. Except for the kindling of spiritual factors which bring discipline into the inner chambers of our minds and hearts from which there arises the motives of our actions, our civilization would crumble in a moment and the story of the Roman Empire would be written again in our history books.

Hence I commend to you some words from the Good Book that are charged with both warning and blessing. Of course, I address them to all students, but particularly to those who, though they may leave the halls at O.L.C. this year, will, I trust, never forget that for which the College truly stands —

*"He that ruleth his spirit is
better than he that taketh a city"*

S. L. OSBORNE

FACULTY AND STAFF 1951



BACK ROW: Miss Shillington, Miss Bannatyne, Miss McDowell, Miss Williams, Miss Channen, Miss Hasselbring, Miss Fraser, Miss Blackstone.
 FRONT ROW: Miss Moffat, Mrs. Pringle, Miss Sissons, Mr. Atkinson, Dr. Osborne, Miss Higgins, Miss Cronk.
 ABSENT: Miss Preston, Mrs. Weichel, Mr. Lacey.

Dedication

MISS MURIEL SISSONS



Vox Collegii this year is dedicated to our Dean, Miss Sissons, whose resignation has caused a feeling of regret throughout the school. The honour of writing this dedication has been conferred upon me by the editor.

During her seven years as head of the Department of Classics at the Ontario Ladies' College, Miss Sissons' wide knowledge and genuine love of her subjects have inspired her pupils with interest and the assurance of success.

As Dean, the fairness, tact, and generosity of her character, her keen sense of humour and her companionable ways have brightened the lives of her pupils and her colleagues. She, in her position of authority, has never lost the 'common touch' nor failed to bring a sympathetic understanding to bear upon individual problems.

In Shakespearean plays and Christmas pageants Miss Sissons has taken an active part. Many Senior Dinner speeches have sparkled with her witty remarks and appropriate quotations.

On the spiritual side of O.L.C. life, Miss Sissons' interest was sincere and inspiring; she gave her best effort to church and chapel services.

We are glad that Miss Sissons will be sufficiently near to visit us as a friend. As she bids farewell to O.L.C. we extend to her our gratitude, and our best wishes for success in her new field of endeavour for which her excellent scholarship and wide experience highly qualify her.

RENA S. McDOWELL.



YEAR BOOK EDITORIAL STAFF 1950-51

FRONT ROW: Lynn Mark (Advertising Mgr.), Midori Osumi (Editor), Mrs. Pringle (Staff Advisor), Mary Margaret Douglas (Literary), Margaret Farr (School Events).
 BACK ROW: Kay McKenzie (Business Mgr.), Nan Armstrong (Sports), Duce Baltuch (Circulation Mgr.).

Editorial

The curtain has rung down on another school year. Graduation has come at last. The haunting strains of the Baccalaureate Hymn and the School Song are fading into the distance. We are about to embark on a new type of life.

This new life may also include other members of the school, and will take us all into the vast expanses of the world. Here, opinions will be formed and decisions made. Some will be insignificant, while others will be important, not only to the individual but perhaps to thousands around her. By this I mean, the woman's right to vote. This is a privilege that I am afraid is being very badly neglected. Somehow the people of to-day, both men and women, but especially women, don't realize or understand the honour and the responsibility there is in choosing the government of the country.

Everyone has a dreadful fear of the Communistic theories that are creeping into this country, but they do nothing about it on election days. There is only one way to cure a disease, and that is to fight it with some healing medicine. In this case it is to cast a vote. If people won't take advantage of the rights of Democracy and preserve them, they won't have the chance when Communism over-rules. Now is the time to counteract this problem, for if something isn't done everyone will lose his individual freedom and equality.

By simple reasoning, the men and women of to-day, should be able to see the challenge of the competition and the ultimate goals—Freedom or Bondage. Think well on these two, and when your opinion is firmly fixed in your mind, cast your decision for the way of life you would prefer you and your fellow men should lead.

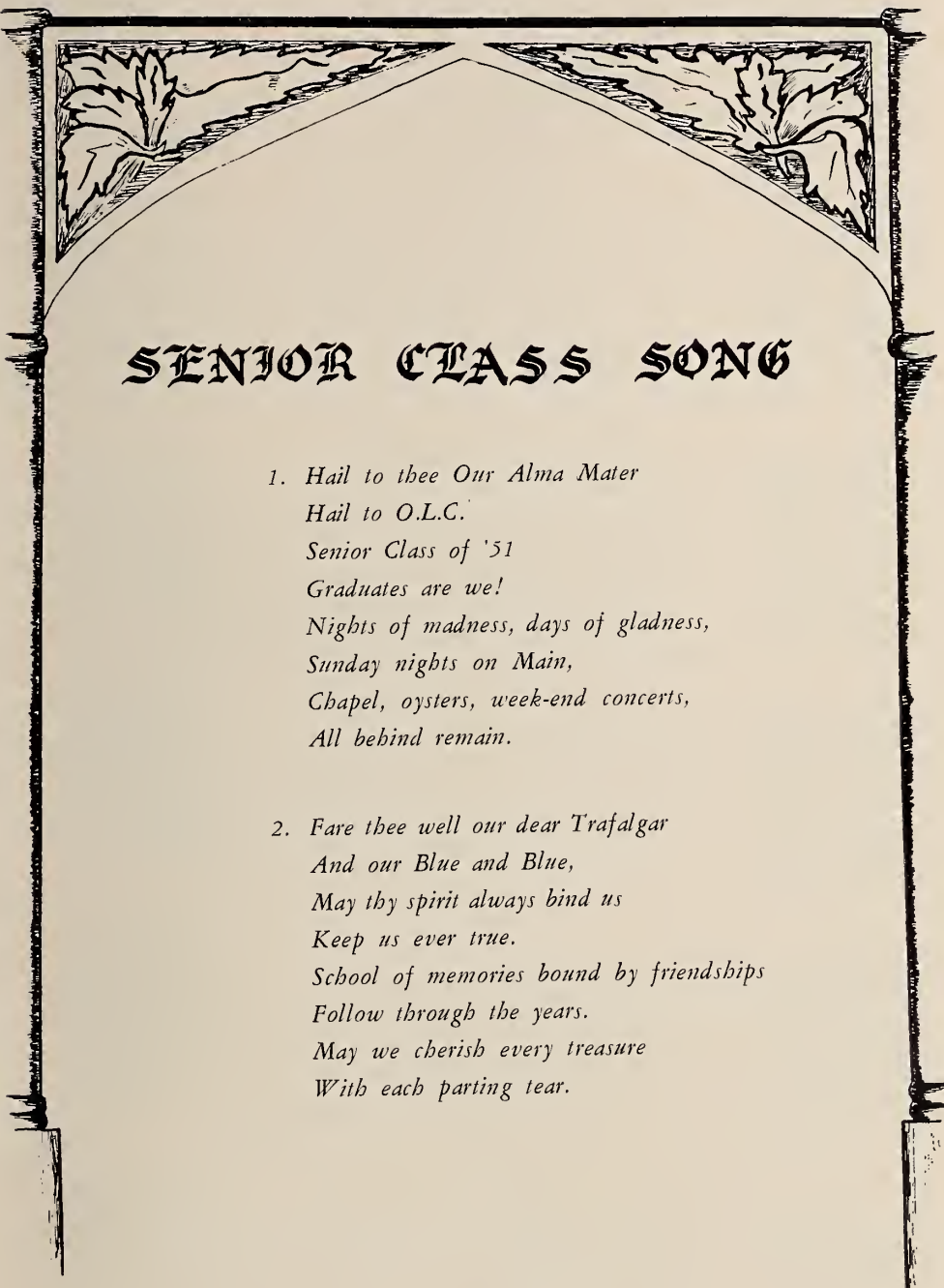
Canada is still a young country. Her policies have not yet been entirely formed. Now is the time for women, as citizens of this new country, to take the opportunity to help to mould a strong respected nation. Form your opinions, and make your decisions wisely.

M.E.O.

THE GRADUATING CLASS 1951



FRONT ROW: Carol Nichol, Gay McLean, Vera Byberg, Perla Audai, Diane Dunbar, Nancy Chapman, Frances Clark, Mary Margaret Douglas,
Margaret Farr.
2ND ROW: Donna Humphreys, Kay McKenzie, Helen Meadd, Lyn Mark, Barbara Ann Ketcheson, Sue Hosie.
3RD ROW: Barbara Norman, Betty Reid, Denise Springer, Joan Sweet, Midori Osumi.
4TH ROW: Rita Yarnold, Nan Armstrong, Diane Teskey, Thelma Taylor.



SENIOR CLASS SONG

1. *Hail to thee Our Alma Mater
Hail to O.L.C.
Senior Class of '51
Graduates are we!
Nights of madness, days of gladness,
Sunday nights on Main,
Chapel, oysters, week-end concerts,
All behind remain.*
2. *Fare thee well our dear Trafalgar
And our Blue and Blue,
May thy spirit always bind us
Keep us ever true.
School of memories bound by friendships
Follow through the years.
May we cherish every treasure
With each parting tear.*

The Senior Class

ARMSTRONG, 1950—51

MAXWELL

Nanno rides the rails to Ottawa every long week-end, but wishes it were Montreal. Helped to obtain points for Maxwell by winning all sorts of swimming races. Is an ardent tennis player and a good sub-captain.

Pet Saying—Get in line Maxwell!

Pet Aversion—Not being near Montreal; O.L.C.
"It's pretty, but is it art?"



AUDAI, 1949-51

HARE

Perla, altho' from Colombia, S.A. and going abroad this summer, does not travel around much but spends most of her time in the Commercial room. 'Pearl' was an excellent Honour Club Secretary; practice for next year.

Pet Saying—Oh, Estrella!

Pet Aversion—Getting up in the morning!

"Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes, I'll never love blue eyes again."



BYBERG, 1950—51

MAXWELL

Vera likes to tell inquirers she's from Matachewan; there is always so much explanation to follow! Sang in O.L.C.'s wonderful choir this year. Vera is headed towards a nursing career, and an able nurse she'll be!

Pet Saying—Mutach, 170 miles north of North Bay.

Pet Aversion—Studying in Study Hall.

"Silence is golden—and who hates money! ! !"



CHAPMAN, 1949—51

MAXWELL

Nan, our vivacious and efficient President of the Student Council and our gracious May Queen from Fort Erie, always has a smile for everyone throughout the year. Sings beautifully and plays tennis famously. Good luck and success!

Pet Aversion—Can't imagine Nan having one!

Pet Saying—Hi ya, honey!

"Smile and the world smiles with you."



CLARK, 1950—51

FAREWELL

Fran hails from Kingston, but we think she likes George-ia. Asks ingenious questions; should get together with Einstein. Played baseball for Farewell, and a good game of basketball for the school team.

Pet Saying—He didn't write!

Pet Aversion—Saturday night quiet hour.

"I have nothing to declare but my genius."



DOUGLAS, 1949—51

FAREWELL

We wonder if Dougie picked up hair-cutting in Napanee? Has a big job as Year Book Literary Editor. Always handy for making decorations for the dances. Plans on teaching the little folk the A, B, C's.

Pet Saying—I wish she'd cut her hair!

Pet Aversion—People who talk about exams at the wrong time.

"Where there's smoke there's Douglas."





DUNBAR, 1949—51

HARE

Dee-Dee came to us by rail from the great mining town of Timmins. She has been a very capable leader as president of the Senior Class. Graced the May Court with her presence as Counsellor. Is an all around friend.

Pet Saying—I think I'm wonderful.

Pet Aversion—faking.

"Just call me Dee-Dee, but don't call me often."



FARR, 1950—51

HARE

Margaret she was christened, but we know her better as Too-Too. She just couldn't stay away from us any longer, so returned for her senior year. Orillia gave forth a capable house captain and an excellent basketball player.

Pet Saying—It's on the rocks.

Pet Aversion—Spelling.

"A pal that's worth having, a sport through and through."



FERGUSON, 1950—51

MAXWELL

Mary is one of our day-hops from Whitby who welcomes O.L.C. with her sunny smile each day. Mary can usually be found in 8 Lower Fran. Fergie plans on nursing next year, lucky patients. Best of luck!

Pet Saying—Well, Miss Shillington, if —

Pet Aversion—Latin exercises.

"Good things come in small packages."



HOSIE, 1949—51

MAXWELL

Sue was always at hand with her help as vice-president of the Senior Class, and gave forth with her pleasing voice as a member of the Senior Choir. Hopes to enter Occupational Physiotherapy at U of T next fall. Good luck, Sue.

Pet Saying—You ought to meet our history teacher, Miss McDowell.

Pet Aversion—Spanish.

"No one else's problem is too small."



HUMPHREYS, 1948—51

HARE

Donna day-hops from Oshawa; we wonder if she really has a drivers' license? Humper is always found talking in Study Hall 'specially Monday A.M. after a special beau has been home. Tells us she is a wonderful golfer.

Pet Saying—My this is a lovely meal!

Pet Aversion—O.L.C. dances.

"Music hath its charm: especially at the luncheon table."



KETCHESON, 1950—51

HARE

Ketch is our mathematician of O.L.C. Hails from Tweed. She blends her charming voice with those of her fellow songsters in the Senior Choir. Asset—beautiful red curls.

Pet Saying—That's for sure.

Pet Aversion—Passing the barn.

"She is just what she is, what better report."



MARK, 1949—51

MAXWELL

Lynn is our Senior Class secretary and our efficient Year Book Advertising Manager. She loves that old home town of Toronto. Lynn has our best wishes behind her in her chosen career of Occupational and Physiotherapy.

Pet Saying—It's from Dave!

Pet Aversion—Alarm Clocks.

"Personality plus, who needs more?"



MacKENZIE, 1950—51

FAREWELL

Everyone hopes to visit Katie this summer in Port Elgin for a sample of those delicious sundaes. She has been an energetic worker as treasurer of the Senior Class and Business Manager of the Year Book.

Pet Saying—Hi-ya, Ladies!

Pet Aversion—Diets and pills.

"A good sport and lots of fun, she keeps happiness on the run."



McLEAN, 1949—1951

MAXWELL

As President of the A.A. Mac gave us a school spirit to be proud of, and led us in all our activities with enthusiasm not to be equalled. Winner, and rightfully so, of the Strathcona Shield. Hails from Willowdale.

Pet Saying—Pass the molasses, Denny.

Pet Aversion—Incomplete uniforms.

"We can live without friends, we can live without looks. But civilized men can't live without cooks."



MEADD, 1949—51

Helen is one of the efficient office girls who keeps us posted on the latest developments. Is planning to enter U. of T. next fall in her decided course of Occupational and Physiotherapy. Tells us how wonderful Cornwall is.

Pet Saying—Who's on office?

Pet Aversion—Gentle music notes above her.

"Thoughtful expression, winsome way, seldom causing much noise."



NICHOL, 1949—51

FAREWELL

Carol, from Sutton, makes up the other half of our brilliant duo pianists. Next year she is returning to forward her music career with post-grad work. Throughout the busy year, Carol has done a fine job as Vice-President of the S.C.M.

Pet Saying—Gotta do my laundry.

Pet Aversion—Getting up in the morning.

"A happy heart, a brilliant mind, sympathetic, true and kind."



NORMAN, 1949—51

FAREWELL

Barb likes Joe-boys from her old home town of Toronto. Always at Nancy's right hand as Vice-President of the Student Council. Made a very beautiful Counsellor. Likes a good game of tennis and getting up early to help decorate for dances.

Pet Saying—Ketch, can you get this problem?

Pet Aversion—People who disregard lights-out.

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."



OSUMI, 1946—51

HARE

Midori has had a difficult time piecing together the Vox Collegii, as editor of our Year Book. Our sympathy and congratulations to her, with all sincerity. Plans to enter St. Mike's to become a medical librarian.

Pet Saying—Two weeks to manufacture a man!

Pet Aversion—Trig.

"What am I doing in this land of mortals "



READ, 1950—51

HARE

Betty plays a famous game of tennis, and is an ardent art student. Hailing from Gatineau, Quebec, it is a wonder as to how IV form French presents such a difficult problem. Always seems to get stuck with solving dance decoration problems.

Pet Saying—Do I have to go for Morning Walk?

Pet Aversion—IV French.

"Great artists die young; I don't feel so well!"



SPRINGER, 1949—51

FAREWELL

From Toronto comes Denny who runs up all the points for Farewell with her brilliant high-jumping. She has done a fine job as secretary of the A.A. Owns the prettiest picture hat. Good luck to you at Vassar.

Pet Saying—May I have a cup of coffee?

Pet Aversion—Latin.

"There are shallows in her which a lamb may wade; there are depths in which an elephant may swim."



SWEET, 1950—51

HARE

Joan comes to us from Seeley's Bay, and was a great help to her House baseball team. If you desire a Canasta partner just call on Joan. Couldn't live without a radio. Plans to go to Ottawa Normal.

Pet Saying—Oh, for pete's sake!

Pet Aversion—Getting up in the morning.

"Her name foretells her nature."



TAYLOR, 1947—51

FAREWELL

Our gal Dusty will tell anyone at any time the history of Schreiber and the surrounding suburb of Fort William. Is our nightingale of the airways and hopes to continue her studies in singing. Vice-President of the A.A.

Pet Saying—I hear the phone; who's on office?

Pet Aversion—People who travel C.N.R.

"Hundred and one pounds (?) of fun."



TESKEY, 1950—51

HARE

Diane likes to ask for shopping privileges into her home town of Toronto, and then stay the week-end keeping Joan and Fran from returning too. Sings soprano in the school choir. Has beautiful long red hair as her chief asset.

Pet Saying—Don't be a plutocrat!

Pet Aversion—Getting up in the a.m. (Whose isn't?)

"Homework fascinates me; I could sit and look at it for hours!"



WHITE, 1947—51

FAREWELL

Donna daily hops the bus to and from Liverpool to spend most of the day in the Commercial room. Has a job all lined up for next year. Best of luck. Knows a certain Laddie in Whitby. Likes The Far East.

Pet Saying—Are you sure now?!

Pet Aversion—La Francaise!

"Her eyes how they twinkle; her dimples so merry."



YARNOLD, 1949—51

MAXWELL

Rita is made to go home for long week-ends which mortifies her, but thinks Orillia is pretty nice. Hopes Miss Sissons can't see over the front hedge. Rita has the loveliest naturally curly blonde hair.

Pet Saying—Telephone? For me?

Pet Aversion—Ten o'clock permissions.

"Ah, sweet mystery of life at last I've found you."

Senior Class Prophecy

Let me introduce myself—I'm 'Unk' the mouse, and I live at O.L.C. It's Summer holidays again and another group of seniors has graduated and gone from these hallowed halls. Gee! How the time does fly around here! It seems that it was only last year that the 1951 graduates were leaving, and yet it's really 1961.

I'll remember that class for a long time. They were the only class that didn't make an attempt to trap me. They even left some food lying around once in a while. At least, I think it was for me.

At that time I was living on Main Hall—just moving from room to room. One Main had a grand bunch of girls. They kept their room so clean and neat too. One by the name of 'Nipper' or Mary Margaret Douglas went to Normal School in Peterborough. I guess it was a means of revenge on her days at O.L.C. She now plays 'St. Louis Woman' at the Casino. Her friend Kay McKenzie did well in her Psychology at U. of T. and is now working on a class of children with deranged minds who were taught by 'Dougie' in her first year of teaching. Marg. Farr, more commonly known as "TooToo" (I'll never know why) trained for a nurse at Toronto General. Unfortunately, the habit of whistling through her nose betrayed her one night and she was caught sneaking out to meet the 'Early' dawn. Midori planned to be a Medical Librarian at St. Mike's Hospital, but enjoys her new position classifying lurid love stories for an appreciative O.L.C. Dee Dee Dunbar, in Three Main went to Toronto Normal School, and is now teaching an eager group of monkeys the new language of 'Mukka Lukka'. Denny Springer had excellent intentions of completing her education at Vassar, but has cheated many a Springer Spaniel out of the first prize at the C.N.E. dog show.

Senior Class Prophecy (cont'd)

Carol Nichol's boudoir was Seven Main. She quit her studies at the Conservatory for a classy job beating the ivories at 'Slug's Bar Room'. The Head Girl, Nan Chapman, accompanies Carol at the same rendez-vous. They call her Torchy.

Barb Norman became a Dietitian, and is now preparing special diets for twenty small 'Ipana-smiling Joes'.

Their intensive study at U. of T. in Physio-Therapy has enabled Sue Hosie, Helen Meadd and Lynn Mark to set up a rest home for retired wrestlers, where they make use of Meadd's Medication for Mangled Muscles.

Fran Clark, Donna Humphreys, Vera Byberg and Mary Ferguson, all graduate nurses, collect shrunken heads, jab needles and apply gooey dressings with practised hands.

Perla Audai and Rita Yarnold have become very great secretaries (size, that is . . .) from much sedentary work perched on their bosses' knees.

Nan Armstrong, our female Michael Angelo, is painting murals on McGill's fair buildings. I think she likes the place.

Diane Teskey is much in the headlines these days presenting her famous case in court, John's Other Wife. She won the case, Dr. Brent—Calling Surgery, and is now a business partner to Laura Limited.

Betty Reid, Joan Sweet and Barb Ketcheson went to Normal School. Betty teaches fourth form French. Joan won a scholarship in English Literature, and Barb teaches Upper School Trigonometry here at O.L.C.

'Not so Dusty' Taylor took singing at the Conservatory. It has been said that she swallowed an awning because her boyfriend liked them shady.

Well, I guess I'll be scampering along. I have to finish a dandy job of gnawing on the Dean's bed post. I hope you may be fortunate enough to meet this senior class of 1951.

GAY McLEAN.



HONOUR CLUB AND STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT



FRONT ROW: Margy McDonald (Sec.-Treas. S.C.M.), Miss McDowell, Carol Nichol (S.C.M. Vice-Pres.), Miss Sissons (Hon. Club), Nancy Chapman (H.C. Pres.), Miss Williams, Barb Norman (Vice-Pres.),
 2ND ROW: Perla Audai, Natalie Strack, Diane Young, Diane Dunbar, Barbara Grierson, Gay McLean
 3RD ROW: Susan Hosie, Marijo Williams, Mariana Carcamo, Nancy Deller.



Sunday Night Speakers

- Sept. 17 — Miss Lakshme Rao of India.
 " 24 — Recorded voices of delegates to the World Conferences — Bishop Dia of the Philippines and Miss Cox van Haemstra of the Netherlands.
- Oct. 1 — Recorded voices of the World Conferences: Ade Adegbola of Nigeria; Wm. Haddad of Lebanon; Professor Sarumpaet of Indonesia.
 " 15 — Film: All In The Day's Work.
 " 22 — Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Partridge of Port Credit.
 " 29 — Mr. John Ramakrishnan of India.
- Nov. 5 — Mrs. Norma Temple of Whitby with her pictures of Western Canada.
 " 19 — Recorded voice of Miss Janet Thompson. World Secretary of the Y.W.C.A.
 " 26 — Mr. Marshall Jess, B.A. of Knox College.
- Dec. 3 — Film: A Saviour is Born.
 " 10 — A sing-song of Carols.
- Jan. 14 — Attended Mission at King St. United Church in Oshawa where Canon Warner preached.
 " 21 — The Rev. D. E. Bradford, of Lawrence Park Community Church in Toronto.
 " 28 — Mr. F. Chubb, Explorer, who showed coloured slides of his visit to the Ungava Crater.
- Feb. 11 — Mr. Lawrence Purdy, B.A., of Emmanuel College.
 " 18 — Religious Film.
 " 25 — Religious Film.
- Mar. 11 — Religious Film.
 " 17 — Attended performance of Easter Cantata, "The Redeemer", at Whitby United Church.
- Apr. 8 — Mr. Karel Schaaf, and Films of the Netherlands.
 " 15 — Mrs. Mary Getz of Oshawa (Missionary in China).
 " 22 — Mr. T. G. Rogers, President of the Board of Directors.
- May 6 — Song Service.
 " 13 — Mr. V. Straka of Czechslovakia.
 " 20 — Panel Discussion on World Christian Youth Commission.
 " 27 — Mr. George Wilson, Victoria College.

School Events

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY ENTERTAINMENT

- Sept. 15 — Violin Recital, Miss Marguerite Learning
" 16 — Corn Roast
" 22 — Old Girls' Stunt
" 29 — New Girls' Stunt
" 30 — Field Day
Oct. 13 — Mr. Wilson McDonald, Canadian Poet
" 27 — Hallowe'en Party
" 3 — Mrs. Betty Lawlor — Colour Slides of her recent visit to Great Britain and Europe.
" 4 — Party with Pickering boys as guests.
Nov. 18 — Wilkins Bros., Travelogue
" 24 — Holly Hop
Dec. 2 — S.C.M. Bazaar
" 14 — Christmas Festival
Jan. 13 — Medium Class Party
" 19 — Concert
" 26 — Okticlos Concert
" 27 — Mrs. R. J. Scott
Feb. 9 — Student Recital
" 10 — Senior-Junior Sleighing Party
" 16 — Concert
" 17 — Stunt Night
" 23 — O.L.C. At Home
" 24 — Stunt Night
Mar. 9 — Student Recital
Apr. 6 — Concert, Mr. Gordon McKenzie
" 7 — Movies
" 13 — Senior Dinner
" 14 — Visit from Ashland College
" 20 — Swimming Meet
" 21 — Operetta Party in Toronto
May 5 — Year Book Dance
" 18 — Puppet Show
June 2 — Student Recital.

Initiation

That day, the dread of all new arrivals at O.L.C., Initiation Day, had come at last. The new girls wore tunics inside-out and backwards, odd shoes and little bits of ribbon stuck in their hair. They were wonderful sports in carrying out their duties which were set before them by the Old Girls, (Making beds, cleaning shoes and carrying books). The day drew to a close when the weary survivors claimed their titles as 'Old Girls'.

Hallowe'en Party

The evening's festivities were begun with a colourful table decoration competition, followed by a delicious chicken dinner. Then there was the grand march dressed in all the mysterious disguises of witch-craft. Skits were performed by the groups, and prizes were given. The night was very bewitching, and the costumes were varied. A sing-song brought the evening to a close.

Christmas Dinner

The Yuletide spirit was once again resumed at O.L.C. on December 15, 1950. The candle light procession wound its way amongst the Christmas decorations at the dinner to the singing of the Cherry Tree Carol. Then came the traditional Boar's Head procession led by the lovable jester. The Main Hall window made a picturesque background for the setting of the tableau 'The Crib'. The unforgettable Christmas story was then related to an attentive audience by our Dean, Miss Sissons. In the concert hall a Shakespeare play, 'As You Like It', was presented under the direction of Miss Blackstone. The evening closed with a strong feeling of Yuletide cheer prevailing.

The Senior Dinner

On Friday, April 13th, the Graduating Class was the honoured group at the school's annual Senior Dinner.

The girls, lovely in their beautiful formals, followed one another into the charmingly decorated dining hall. The Senior tables were attractively bedecked with red mortar boards as place cards.

This is one night that the seniors will not forget for a long time. Following the dinner, original and well thought out toasts were proposed and replies given.

<i>To</i>	<i>Proposed by</i>	<i>Response by</i>
Our Country	Vera Byberg	Frances Clark
Alma Mater	Thelma Taylor	Perla Audai Margaret Farr
Faculty and Staff	Kay McKenzie	Miss Sissons
Graduating Class	Barbara Grierson	Diane Dunbar
Other Classes	Denise Springer	Diane Young (Juniors) Marianela Carcamo (Mediums) Natalie Stasick (Sophomores) Marijo Williams (Freshmen) Nancy Deller (Elementaries)
Student Organizations	Barbara Norman	Nancy Chapman Gay McLean Gertrude Brathwaite Midori Osumi

Dances

HOLLY HOP NOVEMBER 25

This year the Senior Class succeeded in planning an unforgettable Holly Hop. Two graceful prancing reindeer stood guard over the band shell. Striking red and white candy canes decked with pines were suspended from the walls. The punch-bowl was very popular. Delicious refreshments were served at 11 o'clock.

A memorable evening for all was brought to a close by the singing of the school song.

O.L.C. AT HOME

This gala affair was sponsored by our very capable Athletic Association.

The concert hall took the form of a giant circus of lions, monkeys, elephants and sword-swallowers, performing their acts under the big-top. The climax of the party was the release of the balloons from the wires overhead into the eager hands of the dancers. Our Congratulations and thanks are extended to the A.A. for the wonderful occasion.

VOX COLLEGII MAY SIX

The 'Lilac Leap' was presented by the staff of Vox Collegii. This informal dance was held in the gymnasium. The tinkling of the coins falling into the water of the wishing-well blended in with the strings of the orchestra. The dance was a great success and everyone had a wonderful time.

Stunts of the Year

OLD GIRL'S STUNT	Variety Show—Sept. 22
NEW GIRL'S STUNT	Variety Show—Sept. 29
CLASS STUNTS	Feb. 17
Elementaries	A Take Off on 'This Modern Day'
Freshmen	A Quiz Show
Sophomores	A Variety Show
Mediums	A Variety Show
Juniors	A Fashion Show
Seniors	A Small Café
TEACHER'S STUNT	Spies Feb. 24



—Photo by LeRoy Toll

MAY QUEEN AND COUNSELLORS

LEFT TO RIGHT: Barbara Norman, Counsellor; Diane Dunbar, Counsellor;
Nancy Chapman, May Queen.

May Day

May 24th, or May Day, one of the most celebrated festivities of the year, dawned bright and early. This is a particularly happy occasion at O.L.C. for it is the day that our Queen is crowned.

The programme began in the concert hall with a very interesting address given by Mrs. J. C. Houck on 'Personal Responsibility'.

Then the entire school and guests retired to the out-of-doors where the grand march was performed and the May Queen, Nancy Chapman of Fort Erie, was crowned by Mrs. Houck. With her attendants, Barbara Norman and Diane Dunbar, Nancy took her place of honour to watch the program presented by her subjects. This was concluded by the May Pole Dance and the Procession of the Queen down from her throne.

That afternoon the girls visited with their parents and tripped off to the movies in the evening.

CHURCH OF THE BAY

Every year, on the Sunday preceding Baccalaureate Sunday, the Senior Class attends the service at the little Church of the Bay in Port Whitby. The peace and serenity found there in that tiny church set among the lofty pines will never be forgotten. The sermon delivered simply by the Rev. J. E. Harvey was inspiring. Thelma Taylor sang a solo to conclude our memorable Sunday at the Church of the Bay.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

On Sunday evening, June 3rd, the Graduates, in caps and gowns over white dresses attended the yearly Baccalaureate service in the Whitby United Church. The Juniors decorated the seats reserved for the Seniors in white lilac and ribbon. The Rev. Mr. Semple of North Bay gave an address which deeply impressed all present. After the service, the whole school lined up on either side of Main Hall while the Seniors walked through and up Main Stairs. In the background everyone sang the Baccalaureate Hymn, 'Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise'.

CLASS DAY

On Monday, June 4th, 1951, the Juniors made the traditional daisy chain for the Seniors and washed Miss Sissons' car.

At 2:00 P.M. the graduating class lined up in caps and gowns carrying the daisy chain over their shoulders and slowly proceeded into the concert hall. As each girl's life history was read a part of the chain was cut off, and she placed it on the platform to make the letters O.L.C. The graduation pins were given out by Miss Sissons.

In the evening a special program took place — a combination recital and prize-awarding. Many friends and guests of the college attended.

The burning of the books took on new excitement with the appearance of the town's Fire Dept. complete with engine, on Tuesday, June 5th.

ALUMNAE DAY

Alumnae Day is the reunion of all who have ever attended O.L.C. At noon, Tuesday, June 5th, the Alumnae arrived, and the graduating class attended luncheon with them, and heard a very interesting address given by a Japanese alumna, Miss Hana Fukuda.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

The long looked-for and hoped-for Commencement Day arrived at last! From the first moment we entered the college, graduation had been our big dream. Yet, with this happy thought, we were also sad. Our school days were over, and we would have to face the world on our own.

The Graduates filed into the Concert hall, dressed in white gowns and carrying red roses. The diplomas were given out with other school awards. Kay McKenzie gave the Valedictory. The Rev. Wilfrid Lockhart of the Kingsway United church spoke, thrilling the graduates with his stirring speech.

The Commencement exercises over, the graduates joined their families and friends at the garden party on the front lawn. Much too soon, everyone left. The day was over, to be forever the most cherished among memories.

Valedictory

As Graduates, we possess mingled emotions of happiness and sorrow—happiness, because on this our graduation day our dream of the last five years has been fulfilled; sorrow, because we are regretfully leaving our dear Alma Mater.

It is not until we have reached the height of graduation that we fully realize just how beneficial these past years at O.L.C. have been. We have acquired knowledge through books; we have gained a deeper appreciation for the finer things in life; we have made lasting friendships by learning to live harmoniously with others, and we have matured socially, spiritually and morally. Thank you O.L.C.

Our memories of Trafalgar Castle will always be treasured in our hearts. All through the years students have been praising the beauty of our school, and yet this praise still appears fresh and inspirational because the splendour of O.L.C. always remains. "Thy beauty still entralls, dear O.L.C."

We are all aware of the way each faculty member has worked so commendably with us throughout this final and most difficult year of our high school career. The personal attention, the encouragement given when the way looked steep, and the mutual understanding created between teacher and student, are characteristics of the O.L.C. teacher. The guidance and advice of our Principal, Dr. Osborne, have proven very useful throughout this year. To our energetic and lovable Dean, we bid a sad farewell. With her untiring vitality, her understanding and sympathetic nature, and her reputation for being such a good sport, Miss Sissons fills a warm spot in the heart of each graduate.

Now, on leaving our 'Dear Old Trafalgar', each member of this 1951 Graduating Class leaves behind a small piece of her heart forever. O.L.C. we will never forget you.

KAY MCKENZIE.

Address to the Graduating Class O.L.C. May 2nd, 1951

It is a hard thing to say good-bye to one's Alma Mater, and a very grave matter for that member of the graduating class, who has been appointed its official Valedictorian, to find words of sufficient worth for this office. In the years of my work here many a Valedictorian came to me to discuss her difficulties. About thirteen years ago I gave to the Valedictorian of the year, as material for thought, the words of the inscription on the walls of the War Cloister of Winchester College. Here they are:

"Thanks be to God for the service of the five hundred Wykehamists who were found faithful unto death amid the manifold chances of the Great War. In the day of battle they forgot not God, Who created them to do His will, nor their country, the stronghold of freedom, nor their school, the mother of godliness and discipline. Strong in this Threefold Faith, they went forth from home and kindred to the battle-fields of the world and, treading the path of duty and sacrifice, laid down their lives

for mankind. Thou, therefore, for whom they died seek not thine own, but serve as they served, and in peace or in war bear thyself ever as Christ's soldier, gentle in all things, valiant in action, steadfast in adversity."

She read these words over, and, after a bit, said thoughtfully, "I never thought of a school meaning as much as that." So I told her to keep thinking, and the result was a valedictory of sincere feeling and real distinction.

To-day I want to talk to you of two gifts that O.L.C. has offered you, and to turn your minds to their worth. An old student who went to Smith College, Northampton, for her B.A. degree, kept in touch with me for some time by letters and visits. She once told me that President Neilson used to say some of the things that I had said—not so surprising that two educationalists should find similar values for students. Among other things he often stressed the value of quiet. In the autobiography of one of the professors at Smith College occur these words: "Over and over again he (President Neilson) has said these words or others like them: 'The person who can afford to be alone with himself, often and long, acquires a quality of personal dignity which is dissipated and lost in any other kind of life,—the self-possession, self-restraint, patience, which come with practice of solitude—these are essential for the acquisition of a philosophy and a religion. And it makes all the difference in the world to your life whether you arrive at a philosophy and a religion or not. It makes the difference between living in a world which is merely a constantly changing mass of phenomena, and living in a significant and ordered universe.'"

This gift of quiet solitude that O.L.C. offers her students is the first of the two gifts of which I am speaking to you to-day.

During the Great War I came upon a book, which was to me an invaluable revelation, "The Ultimate Belief" by Clutton-Brock. "The spirit," he said, "desires three things and desires these for their own sake and not for any further aim beyond them." What were these three things? Goodness, Truth, and Beauty. It was the third of these that constituted the revelation to me. The war, of course, was being fought that goodness and truth should prevail, but in the midst of its dreadful suffering it seemed a selfish indulgence to think of beauty, and so I had been turning away from one of the great desires of the spirit. "To see beauty is not merely to amuse yourself, but to be aware of a glory of the universe . . . and it is an end of life to be aware of this glory."

So it is of great importance that the second gift O.L.C. offers her students is beauty—the loveliness of the trees, of the orchards, of the lilacs, and as you step inside the old castle itself, the spacious and noble beauty of the great hall. In spite of its dimensions, in spite of the fact that there is no window in the hall itself and that the furniture consists merely of two massive carved benches and some carved chairs of the same design, this hall is neither dim nor bare. Through beautiful glass in the entrance from the porch, and the soft colours of the painted glass in the doors to the right and left, together with the glowing warmth of armorial glass in the high arched windows on the landing of the grand staircase, there pours a flood of mellow light. The division to the middle hall from the space before the staircase, and the space beneath the tower, effected by the graceful Tudor arches, together with the ribbed vaultings beneath the tower and the slight arch of the ceiling of the middle hall, relieve by their decorative grace any suggestion of bareness in this spacious simplicity and harmony of proportion.

In my memories of O.L.C. the element of beauty is the paramount one. Nowhere else have I felt so constantly and marvelously the beauty of light. You remember

Address to the Graduating Class (cont'd)

those words of wonder in the Book of Job: "Where is the way to the dwelling of light?" I remember so many wonderful aspects of the lights which the Book of Genesis says God set in the firmament of the Heaven to rule the day and the night and to give light upon the earth. There was the lunar rainbow one February night just after lights-out bell and we all came out to the playing fields to see what the astronomer Dr. Chant told the 'Globe' was the best lunar rainbow he had ever observed. There were the five planets all at once in the western sky in the early evenings one spring. One July evening there was the loveliest triple rainbow, lasting for more than twenty minutes in undiminished brilliance as if it had come to stay. Again and again there were the Northern Lights in their solemn mystery. How strange and beautiful 'the dwelling of light!'

In the Book of Deuteronomy there is a blessing upon some lovely things, "for the precious things of heaven — for the dew and for the precious things of the earth." Walter de la Mare has said, "Look thy last on all things lovely every hour", and if you think poetry too transcendent, then turn to 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn' by Betty Smith, where the old grandmother counsels—"look at everything always as though you were seeing it either for the first or last time. Thus is your time on earth filled with glory."

A. A. MAXWELL.

JUNIOR MEDIUM CLASS No. 1



FRONT ROW: Miss Channen (Junior Class Teacher), Barbara Grierson (Junior President), Mariana Carcamo (Medium President), Miss Moffat (Medium Class Teacher).

2ND. ROW: Diane Young, Norma Hutcheon, Rona Gameroff, Joan Mothersill, Ellen Liverman, Shirley Umphrey.

3RD ROW: Rona Feldman, Marlene Nunn, Lois Simms, Adele Donnelly, Margy McDonald, Joan Wigston, Blanca Vorg-Bance.

4TH ROW: Nancy Ruddy, Peggy Elliot, Beverley Martin, Jean Phelan, Estrella Audai, Jane Holliday, Duce Baltuch.

5TH ROW: Leonora Rabain, Helen Rabain, Joanne Kussner, Sulamita Giberstein, Elaine Dick, Miriam Audai.

6TH ROW: Eleanor Ellerbeck, Dawn Myles, Billy Potter, Elizabeth Lawrence, Diane Lee, Mary Grobb, Sylvia Meeking.

The Hoot Owl's Tale (Junior Class)

*The lights are dimming
Hoot, hoot, hoot, hoot!
A hush fill the group,
The Juniors are meeting
With their secret troupe.
Barb Grierson, from Ottawa
Faithful and true,
She levels the crowd and shouts aloud.
The humour is mixed
By Norma Hutcheon's applaud
Of the famed Chippawa.
A Dietitian she may be
Or a cook at O.L.C.
Diane Young is constantly worrying
Of her Chemistry and leaving hurriedly
With a Junior Matric.
Margo McDonald dreads arithmetic
A nurse she will be if the stuff sticks.
Joan Mothersill loves nursing
And we know she'll be a good nurse you see.
Marlene Nunn is gentle and sweet
Claims her history is about beat.
Some university to her sounds neat.
Rona Feldman is gay and happy
Sometimes she's quite yappy
Though her nick-name is 'Bubbles',
She has journalistic troubles.
Rona Gameraff still simmers with glee,
Her laugh is quite famous.
She thinks of an easy life you see.*

*Gertrude Brathwaite, so full of fun,
As Charley's wife in future life
Will make us all in envy run;
And be remembered in laughter and strife.
Ellen Liverman is constantly changing
From Brown to gold her beautiful locks.
Joan Wigston is constantly playing
Famed piano tunes in current placing.
In Massey Hall someday we'll see
On critic's lists her popular rating.
Joan Mark loves reading comic books,
She's class secretary and hopes to be
A student in a university.
Adele Donnelly loves to square dance
But chemistry keeps her in a trance.
Someday a nurse she wants to be
And maybe nursing you and me.
With piano music Lois Simms likes to fool,
And during the days at nursing school
She'll play the piano in spite of the rule
Keeping her patients calm and cool.
Pat Murphy loves to write
On this and that or on any old theory.
In a University she'll bring
Success with all her might.
The lights grow brighter,
The meeting adjourns
Each file out to the world
Hoping to meet in the future
A little fun in the right
Hoot, hoot. Good night!*



MEDIUM MADCAPS

HOME SWEET HOME

KNOWN BECAUSE:

NAME	HOME SWEET HOME	KNOWN BECAUSE:
Estrella Audai	Bogota Colombia, S.A.	Health Class: I don't understand the question that way.
Miriam Audai	Bogota Colombia, S.A.	Her Spanish dance numbers were wow!
Ducy Baltuch	Maracaibo, Ven., S.A.	Our Circulation Manager and has done a fine job.
Marianela Carcamo	Dominican Republic	She was our wonderful Class President and did a grand job.
Elaine Dick	Chatham, Ontario	Helped with our school cheers. Remember? Can't forget.
Eleanor Ellerbeck	Collins Bay, Ontario	The athletic member of the class, even if she did get hurt.
Peggy Elliott	Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.	Likes Baseball and Jets (the Pilots, that is)
Sulameta Giberstein	Maracaibo, Ven., S.A.	Her 'funny' little 'Poppet'.
Mary Grobb	Whitby, Ontario	Daygirl. 'Mac' is her next stop to take Nursing.
Jane Holliday	Whitby, Ontario	Day-girl. The freak that takes Greek.
Joanne Kussner	Kapuskasing, Ont.	B-r-r-r It's cold in that 'nord' country but her algebra is good so it didn't numb her brain.
Elizabeth Lawrence	Brooklin, Ontario	Another day-hop! Someday we hope to see our Rembrant's masterpieces on display.
Diane Lee	Oshawa, Ontario	She's a lot of fun and well liked especially by a Whitbyite
Beverly Martin	Rouge Hills, Ontario	Who takes the bus? We are inclined to think she hates boys.
Sylvia Meeking	Stony Creek via Hamilton	Mac of course to take nursing with Mary. Is leery of a thesis.
Dawn Myles	Toronto, Ontario	Very athletic, 'My kingdom for a horse'.
Jean Phelan	Arnprior, Ontario	Jean will give you the information of this town in the Ottawa Valley—ask her!
Billie Potter	Stamford Centre, Ontario	She helps to make our class the most renowned group in the school.
Helen Rabain	Bermuda	Although she's quiet her marks don't show it. Silence is golden.
Leanora Rabain	Bermuda	Not quite so quiet. Her performance as the English school-boy proved.
Nancy Ruddy	North Bay, Ontario	Another from the cold north. 'Gentlemen prefer blonds'.
Shirley Umphrey	Oshawa, Ontario	Says she hasn't a clue. She was 'Miss Hare' this year.
Blanca Vorg-Bance	Caracas, Ven., S.A.	Our linguist. Gluckauf—Tres chic—Molto brava.

SOPHOMORONS

NAME	NICKNAME	PET AVERSION	FAVORITE SAYING	AMBITION	DESTINATION
Diane Brouse	Brousie	Being jilted	I've lost my turtle	Interior Decorator	Marriage, you guess the rest
Joyce Brown	Brownie	Homework	This Math . . .	To travel	Cigarette girl on the C.N.R.
Shirley Challenger Shirl		Roommates	Is that a fact?	Secretary	Sitting on her bosses' lap
Patricia Gray	Patty	English	I have 2 things to say—&? ("")	Concert pianist	Washing floors at Carnegie Hall
Brenda Hendel	'Cisco	Detentions	Who . . . Me??	Movie Star	Tarzan's Ape
Mary Irwin	Mary	Dead Fish!!!	Search me!!!	Mothercraft Nurse	. . . Mother!!
Beverley Knight	Bonnie	Persistent Males	O.K. kids, line up	Take P.H.E. at McGill	Waterboy for de Brooklyn Dodgers
Bella Levy	Bella	Having her room changed	Where's Shirley?	Architect	Drawing blueprints for bird houses
Pula Levy	Pula	Writing in the dark	Wha-a-a-t??	Math. teacher	Counting her kids
Victoria Levy	Vickie			Doctor	Burster!!! Why be modest???
Barb Martin	Nuisance	<i>Weak</i> men!!	I've never heard worse	Doctor	Undertaker (same difference)
Valerie McCabe	Val	School!!!	I think you're sweet too	To marry a millionaire	Mother of four little 'Vicks'
June McDonald	Brat!!!	Waiting for Buses	O, for heavens sake	Reporter	Town Gossip
Alice Mount	Alice	French	O heck, if he doesn't write to-morrow!!!	Dramatic Teacher	Miss Blackstone's Maid
Agnes Robertson	Boots	George (When he doesn't write)	You Fathead!	Social Worker	Alcoholic
Carol Stinson	Stinson-baby	Nosey people (Guess Who???)	I'm perturbed	School	Teaching Bonnie's & Brousie's kids (A room full)
Natalie Stasick	Nat	Her Roommate	There's a class meeting	Model	Modelling Maternity Dresses
Barbara Taylor	Nonnie	History	Have I got <i>another</i> detention	Psychiatrist	Temporary inmate in Whitby Hosp.
Marie Taylor	Curlie		How many bells have gone?	Scientist	Bug Exterminator
Helen Willis	Willie	People (IN General)	Ed. Note: Censored	Nurse	Nursing Pygmies in the African Congo

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE CLASSES



FRONT ROW: Beverley Knight, Miss Bannatyne (Soph. Class Teacher), Natalie Stasick (Soph. Pres.), Marjio Williams (Freshmen Pres.),
 Miss Fraser (Freshmen Class Teacher), Rosalind Free.
 2ND ROW: Victoria Levy, Barbara Martin, June McDonald, Jessie Trumper, Carol Stinson, Diane Brouse, Gary Gray, Mary Irwin, Pula Levy.
 3RD ROW: Margaret Cole, Connie Saunders.
 4TH ROW: Helen Willis, Patty Gray, Valerie McCabe, Marie Taylor, Barbara Taylor, Shirley Challener, Marlene Cooper, Agnes Robertson,
 Alice Mount, Joyce Brown, Brenda Hendel, Bella Levy.

YES — FRESH

NAME	FAVORITE SAYING	PET AVERSION	CAREER	MOST LIKELY TO BE
Margaret Cole	Look at those ants!	English	Radio Star	Soap-Opera Singer
Marlene Cooper	O, Connie, for heaven's sakes!	Boys	Social Worker	Scrub-woman at the mental hospital
Rosalind Free	Huh—Oh yeh!	Tongue (Meat that is)	Music teacher	Dairymaid
Gary Gray	Hey Lucy! How's the 'Scab'?	Ishkabibble	Gym teacher (Teach Hutch to swim)	Wrestler (shoulders)
Connie Saunders	Oh, Marijo, just listen to this	Classes	Dress Designer	Missionary
Marijo Williams	Nope, Alan & I haven't broken off yet!	To settle something peaceably	Actress	Alan's Housemaid (Yuk!)
Jessie Trumper	I am not a brain (Just lucky, ha!)	Halls except Upper Fran	Surgeon (Can't stand the sight of blood)	Alan's Nurse

ELEMENTARIES



FRONT ROW: Carol Hopper, Pamela Earle, Joan Collacutt, Miss Hasselbring, Nancy Deller, Nancy Shannon, Adrienne Lundy.
 2ND ROW: Patsy Earle, Pula Franco, Novarre Bellinger, Pilar Capdevila, Barbara Kempe, Rochelle Cooper
 3RD ROW: Ann Geikie, Carroll Bellinger, Ruth Margles, Karen Munro, Victoria Belanger, Julieta Franco.

ELEMENTARIES

NAME	NICK NAME	FAVORITE SAYING	AMBITION	DESTINATION
Victoria Belanger	Vickie	Get away from my animals	Ballet Dancer	Stage hand
Carroll A. Bellinger	—	Oh Nuts!!	Secretary	Messenger girl
Novarre Bellinger	—	Turn on the radio	Surgeon	Patient
Pilar Capdevila	—	Me no go	Mother	Baby sitter
Joan Collacutt	Joanie	Some people	Secretary	Marrying boss
Rochelle Cooper	Shelly	Oh! No Nancy!	Teacher	Dean at O.L.C.
Nancy Deller	Little Deller	Let's go to Whitby	Basketball Coach	Professional loafer
Pamela Earle	Pam	Oh, Patsy!	Mathematician	Using an adding machine
Patricia Earle	Pattie	Can I stay for Supper?	Rancher	Horse Feeder
Julietta Franco	Curly	Stop it!	Graduating from O.L.C.	Not Graduating
Pula Franco	—	What does — mean?	Wife	Single
Ann Geikie	—	Pedlars will win	Playing on the Pedlar's team	Pedlars mascot
Carol Hopper	Little Hopper	Coming swimming?	Gym teacher	Student
Barbara Kempe	Barbie	Have you seen Willie?	Pianist	Piano tuner
Adrianne Lundy	—	O, I don't care!	Doctor	Nurse at O.L.C.
Ruth Margles	Thorny	Get out of my food	Dancer	Sewing costumes
Karen Munro	—	Pardon me	Nurse	Washing Bed Pans
Nancy Shannon	Shannon	Keep Quiet!	Riding teacher	Stable girl

Sports



ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE 1951

FRONT ROW: Thelma Taylor, Miss Channen, Gay McLean (Pres.), Denise Springer.

2ND ROW: Joan Mothersill, Norma Hutcheon, Margaret Farr.

3RD ROW: Billie Potter, Nan Armstrong, Beverly Knight.

BASEBALL

Early in the fall, the three houses came together to match their skill in baseball. Some of the girls proved themselves to be veritable professionals and would surely have been the envy of any big league manager, had he been there to see them perform.

Everybody, from the catcher to the last fielder, enjoyed all the games thoroughly, and was sorry to see them end. Each person coming up to bat swung hard for the glory of her House, and hit or miss, they all knew they had tried their best.

Farewell came up the winner, with Hare second and Maxwell third.

TENNIS

It seemed to be next to impossible to get a free court at the school this year unless you knew somebody "on the inside". Every sunny day there was a mad scramble when the four o'clock bell went, as students scattered to their various halls to pick up their rackets and running shoes. The pass-word seemed to be "Tennis?—love to!"

Although a number of students were trying out the game for the first time, and didn't seem to be quite sure just what end to hit the ball with, they learned quickly. There was soon a spirit of friendly rivalry which was made even keener by the fall tournaments. These extended over a period of time, because of the limited hours every day for such things as tennis. Soon the field was narrowed to the top few, and interest was high. In a close, exciting final, Betty Read finally wore down Thelma Taylor, and was declared singles champion of 1950.

In the doubles, Norma Hutcheon and Thelma Taylor teamed up to defeat Barbara Norman and Dawn Myles, although both sides were evenly matched at the start.

VOLLEYBALL

Following close on the heels of basketball came an exciting round of volleyball tournaments, which were enjoyed immensely by players and spectators alike. A good number of the students got a chance to show their worth in all the games, and all played with plenty of vim and vigour.

Most of the games proved to be slightly hair-raising to everyone. All wanted their particular House to win, of course, and cheered with great gusto throughout the game. At the finish of each tournament it was hard to say who was more exhausted—the players, or the spectators.

With such enthusiastic support the teams played their utmost, and made every game close and interesting. Farewell came through at the end to prove their volleyball superiority. Maxwell was second, and last, but not least, came Hare House.

FIELD DAY

Shortly after the commencement of another wonderful year at O.L.C., there was an air of restrained activity around the school that bespoke of some exciting event to take place in the near future. All captains and sub-captains of the various houses were going around with a dazed expression of worry on their faces. Finally it dawned on us—Field Day was coming fast and furious, and AA officials were busily recruiting competitors for the big meet.

The day dawned bright and clear, and the list of entries had swelled to enormous proportions. Everything was in readiness for all the various events and action soon got under way. Competition was keen, and those who pulled off the top honours had to fight hard for their superiority.

Members of the AA conducted the meet most capably—each event was run off quickly and competently, and neither spectators nor competitors were wearied by the tediousness which usually accompanies a full programme. The AA also did a thriving business over at the refreshment booth for the relief of exhausted participants and hungry onlookers.

Many of the cup winners could be seen for several days after sporting their brightly coloured ribbons. These were as follows:

Senior: Denise Springer, Joan Mothersill, Joan Wigston—Nancy Chapman.

Intermediate: Gary Gray, Nancy Shannon, Jessie Trumper.

Elementary: Nancy Deller, Joan Collacutt, Karen Munro.

BASKETBALL

There was a tremendous enthusiasm for basketball this year, and Miss Channen all but threw up her hands in horror when the school turned out "en masse" for the elimination practices. All put forth their top effort, and the best were chosen for the first and second teams.

However, before the teams had a chance to play any games, Christmas exams were upon us, and many of the girls, feeling the pressure of studies too great, withdrew from the team. Although Miss Channen had only one team left now, it was a strong team, and the girls played well against other schools. The score was not always indicative of the game.

They had five games during the year. They visited Whitby High School and Hatfield Hall for a return visit. Moulton College, St. Clement's, and Hatfield Hall paid us a visit.

SWIMMING

At last came the chance for all the school's budding Channel swimmers to show their style and speed. The pool was a popular place during the long winter months, and everybody was in top form. Nearly the whole school turned out for this event, whether to compete or to watch. Our small but adequate pool was filled to capacity.

The style of the competitors was judged on a Thursday night, and the winners of each class favoured us later with some samples of their winning strokes. All the races were held on Friday night, and everyone held her breath as the racers churned speedily through the water, encouraged by the shouts of team-mates and onlookers.

Those winners helped breathlessly out of the pool were as follows: Senior—Nan Armstrong, Pat Cloghesy; Intermediate—Gary Gray, Valerie McCabe; Junior—Nancy Deller, Joan Collacutt; Elementary—Adrienne Lundy, Carol Hopper. Maxwell was the top house, with Farewell second and Hare following.

Miss Channen was the able director of this meet, and our thanks go to her for her kind assistance at all times, and to Miss Moffat who helped her to judge the various events.

BADMINTON

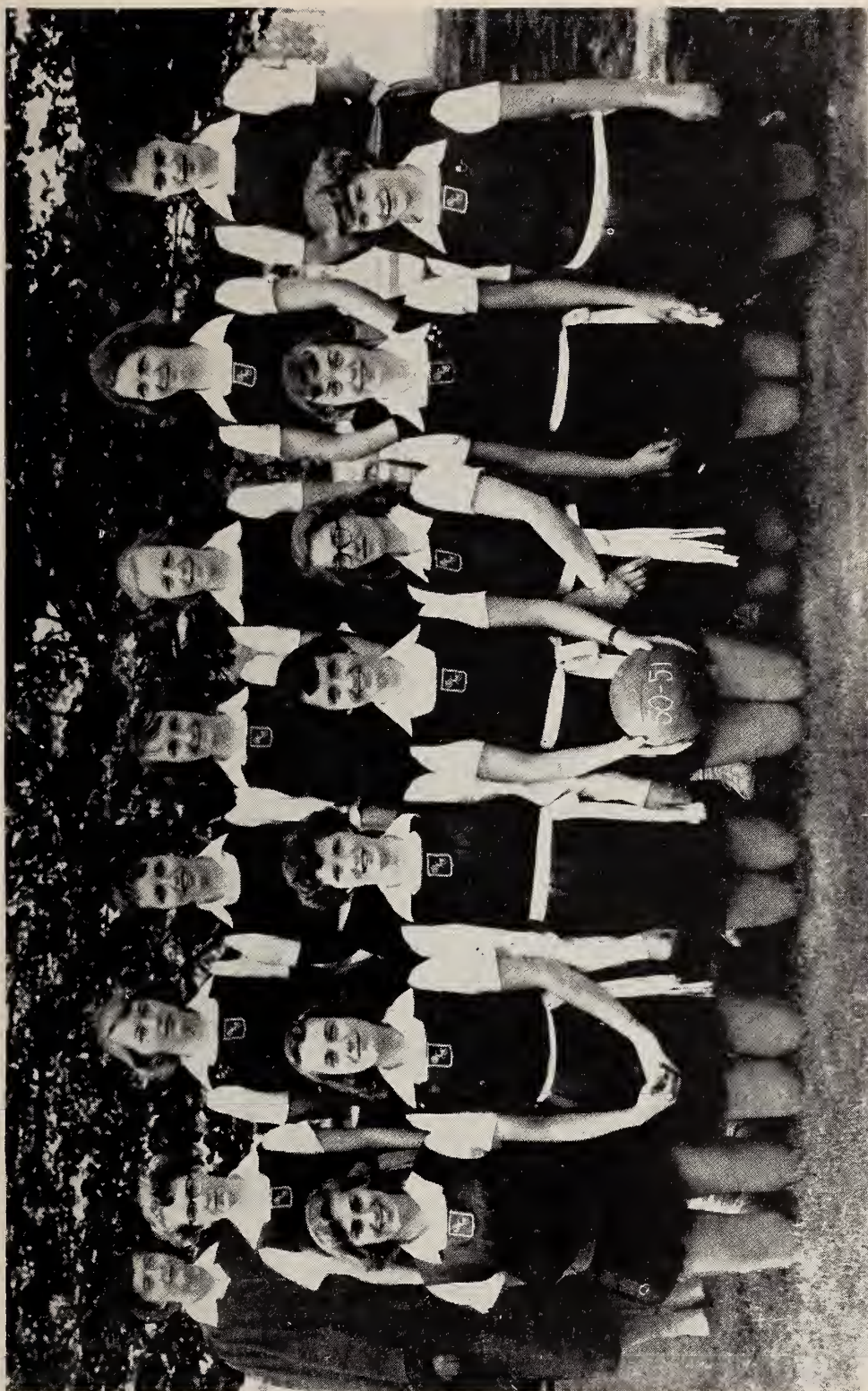
Although there was not much badminton played in the fall and early winter, suddenly towards spring somebody seemed to "discover" the game, and it had many ardent enthusiasts from then on.

When passing the Gym almost any day after four, one could usually hear the dainty tapping of the light racket making contact with the floating bird. Doubles seemed to be the favourite, although there were those who liked a rousing game of singles. Sometimes there would be even more than the usual four playing at a time—slightly unorthodox, but highly entertaining.

However, at the approach of the tournaments all nonsense subsided, or most of it at any rate, and each round was run off quickly and satisfactorily. Norma Hutcheon fought her way to the top with great skill, and was crowned queen of the singles. Thelma Taylor was second. Norma and Thelma teamed up to win the doubles match, defeating Gay McLean and Denise Springer in a thrilling fight to the finish.

NAN ARMSTRONG.

BASKETBALL TEAM 1951



FRONT ROW: Ellen Liverman, Margaret Farr, Beverly Knight, Barbara Grierson, Denise Springer, Gay McLean, Thelma Taylor.
2ND ROW: Nancy Deller, Kay McKenzie, Billie Potter, Eleanor Ellerbeck, Shirley Umphrey, Frances Clark, Blanca Vorg-Bance.

Maxwell House

SHIELD WINNER 1950-51

After its splendid start, Maxwell has enjoyed one of its most successful seasons, ending by winning the Inter-House Athletic Shield. To be sure it was a close race and we offer our congratulations to the girls of Farewell House who finished so close to us. They certainly gave us a hard struggle.

We also wish to take this opportunity to thank those of Maxwell House who made the victory possible. We can only hope that next year will see us out ahead by a much larger score.

Well, that sums it up. Have a wonderful summer.

NORMA HUTCHEON (Captain)

N. ARMSTRONG (Sub-Captain)

Farewell House

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all who are on Farewell House for their enthusiasm and spirit which put us well on our way to victory this year.

First of all, Field Day proved to be very successful with Farewell coming in first. Denny Springer and Joan Mothersill came first and second in the Senior events while Nancy Deller and Karen Munro received honours in the Juniors.

We all love baseball; and with a very co-operative team made up of G. Brathwaite, F. Clark, N. Deller, A. Donnelly, P. Gray, D. Lee, M. MacDonald, K. McKenzie, J. Mothersill, D. Myles, C. Nichol, B. Norman, B. Potter, D. Springer and T. Taylor we won top honours.

In tennis, T. Taylor was the runner-up of the singles, and she and her partner won the Doubles championship.

Also, in Basketball Farewell was tops, thanks to the worthy efforts of D. Springer, J. Mothersill, D. Myles and M. Audai as forwards and P. Gray, M. McDonald and B. Norman as guards.

In the Swimming Meet our successful intermediates were: N. Deller and K. Munro and our Elementaries C. Hopper and A. Lundy triumphantly upheld the House. We placed Second.

Last, but not least was the Volley Ball tournament in which Farewell again won. Our team was composed of: P. Gray, D. Springer, D. Myles, T. Taylor, J. Mothersill, M. Carcamo, B. Vorg-Bance, B. Potter, M. Williams, N. Deller, K. Munro, F. Clark, and M. M. Douglas.

Again, we would like to thank the members of Farewell House for being very helpful in making our house a success. We'll be back next year to visit. Have a wonderful summer.

J. MOTHERSILL (Captain)

B. POTTER (Sub-Captain)

Hare House

Hare House this year certainly had an enthusiastic group of girls, who showed plenty of sportsmanship. Although we didn't always come out on top, we certainly added a lot of competition.

In the Field Day Competitions, nearly all of Hare House entered into the events. We finished second. Special congratulations go to Gary Gray who was first in the Intermediates and Jessie Trumper who was third in the Intermediates.

In Baseball, we came second. Those who played on the team were: M. Osumi, E. Ellerbeck, M. Farr, J. Sweet, S. Umphrey, B. Knight, P. Capevila, R. Gameroff, G. Gray, L. Simms.

Those who played on the school's First Team from Hare House this year were as follows: M. Farr, B. Knight, E. Ellerbeck, S. Umphrey, and E. Liverman.

Hare House played some very good games of Basketball and so placed second. Thanks go to M. Osumi, R. Gameroff, D. Teskey, D. Dunbar, J. Mark, V. Belanger, L. Simms, B. Reid, and M. Wornell.

The Volley Ball Team was very successful in coming second after some very well played games by our team. D. Teskey, J. Mark, J. Sweet, S. Umphrey, B. Knight, B. Ketcheson, M. Osumi, D. Dunbar, R. Gameroff, G. Gray and L. Simms.

In the Swimming Meet the House made 28 points placing third. Special congratulations go to G. Gray, first in the Intermediates and B. Knight, third in the Intermediates. Those on the House Relay team which came in first were: J. Mark, E. Ellerbeck, G. Gray and B. Knight.

Thanks go to Betty Reid who won the Tennis Singles and half the Tennis Doubles.

We would like to thank Miss Channen and the A.A. for their sincere help.

Thank you members of Hare House, one and all, for being such wonderful sports, and making this year so successful. More Power to you!

MARGARET FARR (Captain)

BEVERLY KNIGHT (Sub-Captain)

News From Janina

Dear Foster Parents,

Thank you ever so much for your nice letters and for fat frankfurters meat and money.

I should tell you about me. In my camp the weather is so nice, warm and sunny so I can go for a walk with my friends. Sometimes I visit a town where I and my friends spend about three hours. Last week I saw a beautiful musical film, "Land Without Music." I enjoyed it very much indeed. I think that is all about me at the moment.

Awaiting for your nice reply.

Yours sincerely,

JANINA

Dear Foster Parents,

Thank you ever so much for your help and for money which I got from you. Now the weather is very nice. One day I went to the cinema with my English friend to see a very nice and interesting film called "Bambi."

The summer holiday we start on the twenty eighth of July and go back to school on September eighteenth. The English girls and boys are very kind to me and the teachers too. And I have the opportunity to learn English.

Yours sincerely,

JANINA

Let's keep Janina in her school. Don't forget your donations girls!



MEMORIES OF A SENIOR—

*The portrait of Miss Maxwell
That hangs in Study Hall,
The pictures that were taken
For memories of the fall,
The music from the Teacher's Room —
Tunes oft I will recall,
These things will I remember
Most of all.*

*The two bronze lions
That guard at our front door,
The time we got 'caught'
And the creaky Francis floor,
The awful, quiet beauty
Of the windows in Main Hall.
These things will I cherish
Most of all.*

*The tulips and the orchards,
And the memory of their bloom,
The homeliness and comfort
Of our spacious Main Hall room,
The desks inscribed with many names,
By students of before.
These memories will I treasure
Evermore.*

*The service at the small Bay Church,
The Baccalaureate Hymn,
Senior Dinner, May Day,
And our annual mid-night swim,
And then my friends that strung along —
And laughed at my jokes for me.
These things I'll remember
Of O.L.C.*

GAY McLEAN, GRADE XIII

The Bullfight

This is a wonderful sport and art. The life of a bullfighter is full of dangers because of the nearness of the bull and his heavy movements.

The bullfighter generally attends a school where he learns to become graceful and fast in all his movements, these being the two essential qualities if he wants to succeed. They learn to fight with younger bulls, and after they think they can manage a 'Big One', they really start to bullfight. The bullfighter dresses beautifully, and his clothes are colourful and expensive.

The bullfighter is sure of something, and that is that the bull does not charge with his eyes wide open. The animal sees where the red coloured cape is, and then runs toward it with his eyes closed. The bull, in most times, will not charge if he does not see the cape. That is the reason why the cape used by the bullfighter has another colour, such as blue or gold on the other side. With this colour the bullfighter can stop the animal from charging. The bulls hate red, and so will charge at anything of this colour.

The bullfight has four stages. The first stage starts with the entering of the bullfighters into the arena in a parade. This is very beautiful and colourful. First come the 'matadores' or real bullfighters, then come the 'banderilleros', the ones who spear the bull's back with the 'banderillas' or small spears. This helps the animal to get mad. Thirdly, come the 'picadores' on white and black horses with long spears that are used if the bull becomes crazy, or if the bullfighter is hurt. And lastly, the men that help to carry the dead bull off the arena, after the show is over.

The second stage starts when the bullfighter comes out to meet his bull, and the crowd begins singing songs called 'paso dobles' which are supposed to give courage to the bullfighter. The bull has already four or five 'banderillas', small spears, in his back. Therefore, by being hurt he is mad and will charge against any indication of red around him. When the bull charges, it is up to the bullfighter which of his styles he is going to use. He uses all of his styles and passes during the whole bullfight which takes about half an hour. When you go to see a bullfight you will see three or four. The most famous comes before and the others following after he has killed his bull.

The third stage starts when the bullfighter takes his sword, and hides it under his cape, and waits until the bull charges; the bullfighter has to wait until the bull is very near him, and then he thrusts the sword into the bull's neck to kill him. If he kills the animal immediately with only one stabbing, then he can cut the tail and two ears off the bull. But if he has to stab the animal again, he can only cut one ear or the tail. The cutting of the tail and the ears is a prize for having killed the animal. After this he walks all around the arena and shows his trophy to the crowd which is cheering and applauding him.

By us Spanish people it is considered a beautiful sport and we only look for the beauty of the style. By some foreigners, it is looked upon as a cruel thing. This is because they do not understand the real meaning it has.

BLANCA VORG-BANCE, Grade XI

An Old Book Forever New

An old book forever new is one that can be read over and over without losing any of its enchantment. Such a book is Wilson MacDonald's collection of poetry, 'A Flagon of Beauty'.

'A Flagon of Beauty' is, of course, not a book to be read continuously until it is finished. It is a book to be read and digested slowly in moments of leisure, one to be read and enjoyed at many times. There are humorous incidents, there are stories tinged with a bit of sadness and regret, and there are descriptions of pure beauty. For anyone who has an ounce of sporting blood in his veins, 'The Song of the Ski' will surely have appeal. A humorous account of the conversation of two old ladies aboard a street car in the big city reveals Mr. MacDonald's knowledge and understanding of human nature. The description of the lacy frost on a windowpane in winter is loveliness itself. Another continual source of entertainment is the poems in dialect.

Truly, 'A Flagon of Beauty' is an old book forever new, one that I will enjoy for many years to come. It is like an old friend, more familiar and more dear as time goes on.

CAROL NICHOL, Grade XIII

Content

*CONTENT, as beauty
Is from heaven sent,
It is blessed to be,*

*CONTENT
Prevent your soul from being bent,
By ill state of mind and misery
Better your soul and repent.
Lift your eyes the light to see,
All around are wonders latent,
Bury your griefs and sorrows and be
CONTENT.*

RONA FELDMAN, Grade XII

The House Across the Street

This house across the street has always been of great interest to me. When I first came to the house I now live in, an old couple lived there. They were seldom seen and almost no one knew their name or anything about them, whether they were rich or poor, had a family somewhere or not. Then while I was quite young, they both just disappeared and were seen by no one again. As the situation seemed a little queer, the police came and searched the house, but found no trace of them or any clue as to their whereabouts except an old iron box. In this box was a will dedicating the house to some relative, who, although there was a big search, never showed up. A lawyer in town confessed to having made the will some time ago for an old couple who came to him, but he could give no evidence outside of what was already known.

For many years this old house stood, stark and bleak against the brighter homes about it. Very few people went near it because of the ominous atmosphere it seemed to hold. Maybe they were superstitious or maybe they thought something would happen if they ever went near it.

One day, returning home from High School, I almost became paralyzed upon noticing a light in one of the upstairs windows. It was getting dusk, and a cold bitter autumn wind was blowing up, which did not comfort me or help my presence of mind. When I reached home I quickly found mother and told her in gasping tones of what I had seen. She looked at me in disbelief, and when we looked out a front window at the house, the light had disappeared. Of course, she only laughed and said that I had been reading too many mystery novels of late, and that it was probably the last rays of the sun striking against the window panes, giving as it often does, the appearance of a lighted room within. That explanation seemed quite plausible, and I soon forgot the incident.

That is, I forgot it until a few years later, when an unusually fierce thunder-storm was raging. Just as a large shaft of lightning rent the sky, I noticed a yellow light in the same upstairs window which I had noticed years before. This time I felt much safer, as I was on the inside looking out. Nevertheless, a queer prickly feeling crawled up my spine, jarring the pit of my stomach as it passed. Again, when I dragged mother to the window the light had gone out. This time there was no explanation, because it was night, and there was no moon on account of the heavy storm clouds.

Suddenly, as we were standing at the window, we saw an old woman standing on the porch of the house. She was dressed in a long out-dated coat, hatless, and her long white hair hung in strands over her shoulders from a wizened face. Then we were blinded by another flash of lightning, and when we recovered our senses the old woman had vanished.

The next day I heard quite a commotion in the street below. Upon looking out, I noticed a large crowd standing before the place where the old house across the street had once stood. I say 'once stood' because there it lay, literally collapsed in a heap. All except one section which contained that upper room in which I had noticed the light.

When the wreckers arrived the following day, they discovered in that upper room the same iron box that had contained the will, empty. If you ever ask anyone around my home town why the house collapsed, they will say it was an odd quirk of the storm. Mother and I, however, look at each other remembering that old woman and knowing that she, somehow, had something to do with it.

DENISE SPRINGER, Grade XII

Moonlight

*The moonlight dances on the lake
It shivers and twists along.
The lake in turn greets the silvery beams
With ripples in a sing-song.*

Wind

*The wind is laughing on the hill,
It ripples the grasses so green,
It plays hide and seek with the leaves and the trees
And makes the dust form a silk screen.*

Loneliness

*Loneliness
Hardens our hearts.
The days are long and sad.
Dreary and dismal is the mood
Solitude.*

RONA FELDMAN, Grade XII

This Terrible Generation

People say, "This terrible generation". What may I ask is so terrible about it? We're human aren't we? We look like the last generation although sometimes we hate to admit it. We may be a little larger in build, but there's no need to worry until we become giants, and we're far from that.

They say "There are far more juvenile Delinquents". But, do they ever stop to consider the rise in population or the communication improvements? In their day they didn't have radios to tell them about every little crime that happened. These people can do something about this question THE TERRIBLE GENERATION instead of just complaining about it. So many parents are contented to sit back and complain without making any effort to find a solution or remedy to the problem.

Other people say "We need more welfare workers". These are the people who have bad children or none at all. Do you see any of them offering their services to the welfare of these under-privileged children who tramp the streets looking for something to do to absorb their abundant energy? To find someone to be a Welfare Worker you practically have to get down on your hands and knees and beg. I don't think that it's this generation that is so terrible. It's the last one!

Again, they say, "We were never allowed to do things like that, dear how the times change!" They seem to approve of all these changes or they wouldn't consider letting us do them. Do you suppose they ever think back and count all the times their parents said the same thing to them, and how they felt about the whole thing? I wonder.

Does the older generation ever stop complaining about the younger one? When they can't think of anything else to whine about they pick on the way we dance. Oh, how they disapprove of jitter-bugging! "Why it's such a silly way to dance!" Would they have said that about their dearly beloved Charleston or Shag? Oh, no!

As for music how is our boogie any worse than their rag? Could they answer that?

I suppose, people will never stop complaining of "this terrible generation". Our parents complain, and their parents complained and their parents before them. I can well imagine that we ourselves when we are parents will say "this terrible generation". Can't you?

ELEANOR ELLERBECK, Grade XI

A Butterfly

*I wish I were a butterfly
So I could use my arms to fly
I'd fan the flowers with both my wings
And go abroad to see strange things.*

Le Printemps

Le printemps est une belle saison, certainement. Tout le monde aime le printemps. Il est la saison dans laquelle tout le paysage est né encore. La pelouse devient verte et les champs ont un nouveau manteau entièrement. Les oiseaux retournés du sud chantent dans les arbres tout le jour. Le soleil nous montre son visage de plus en plus. Toute le monde marche très lentement, pour qu'ils regardent le beau paysage.

La jeune fille et le garçon, particulièrement, aiment beaucoup le printemps. L'amour est la reine dans cette saison et tout le monde est sous l'empire de son charme.

Printemps — nous vous aimons!

NAN ARMSTRONG, Grade XIII

Clouds

*Clouds
High above us
Like great white puffs
Painted against the blue
Float high above us
In the heavens.*

BY JOAN MOTHERSILL

Autobiography of a Can-opener

"Phew! I'm glad to see that you came, so I could have a moment's peace while talking to you. I'm just worn out! The way she treats me, it's just unbearable! She really must think that I have no feelings at all. I'm worked to death! Now, let's see. You wanted a life story of me, didn't you? Well, I haven't a very good memory, but I'll try to recall as much as possible of my past."

"I think I was born in a steel gadgets factory, or at least someplace similar. I can still remember the exact time when I was created. The girl looked at me fondly with a pleased smile on her face and rubbed my handle, newly painted a vivid red colour, on her sleeve. She was proud of me—I could tell! However she has nothing to do with my present situation, or other incidents of my life, so I'll continue without unnecessary talk. She put me down on a thick slow-moving belt, and I was carried along with many other can-openers — even though they didn't have quite as excellent characters as I, to a horrid assembly line. Here, I was unmercifully thrown into

a box, and packed close—too close to my fellow can-openers. We were jostled into a truck—I knew it to be a truck because of the motor, and were driven for what seemed to be miles, to a new home. We came to an abrupt stop. The truck door was opened, and I held onto my friends—I use the term loosely, expecting to be thrown about, as I had been up to this point of my life. Surprisingly enough, though, we were gently lifted from our perch, placed on a cart, and wheeled onto an elevator—I knew it was an elevator by the exciting sensation my stomach felt. The elevator glided to a slow stop, and we were wheeled off gently. At this moment all my dreams of old were fulfilled. My new home was a big department store, and there would be no more jostling, throwing, or crowding for me.”

“I was easily laid into a long small box, the bottom of which was covered with a delightfully soft tissue paper. For two days, I lay in my cosy abode, and slept, and rested myself generally. As the public ambled by, they cast longing glances at me, and I just knew that I was the ideal can-opener—the one they had always wanted. Oh, the glorious luxury of it all! Could this happiness last? Well, as you can see, it didn’t! I saw a much too curious lady come up to me—and then she had the nerve to pick me right out of my own box. Was I mad! The fury just rent at my very heart, but I acted aloof, and tried to look as undesirable as possible. However, I couldn’t cover quite all my wonderful character, and she snatched me up, and purchased me—unfortunately!

“On my way to my new home, I summed her up. She didn’t seem to be such a bad sort. She dressed nicely, and was well groomed, and I was quite sure that she had means to buy fifty like me, if she so desired, without blinking a false eyelash. So, deciding to resign myself to my future life, I decided that I probably would not have too much work to do anyway—as she, no doubt spends her time galavanting at supper parties—the kind that you don’t quite get home in time for breakfast from.

“What a fool I was! What a thoughtless blundering idiot! My mind must have been drunk with the thought of an easy life. My new mistress is what is commonly called, ‘a modern housewife’ whose best friend is the can-opener. Believe me, it is strictly a one-sided friendship! Let me give you an example of her day. She rises at ten o’clock in the morning, and has canned orange juice and canned cream in her coffee. She dresses, for seemingly hours, and hurries off to a hairdressing appointment. She returns at five minutes to twelve—just in time to get a can of beans and some fruit for lunch. Supper is also strictly from the can, and a midnight snack provides for her canned salmon sandwiches. With no exaggeration she has me running in circles from morning until night.

“Oh, oh! I think I see her getting ready for her party to-night. She’s serving canned shrimp for one hundred people. I’m tired already! Sorry I can’t stay, but I think she’s looking for me. ‘Bye, and thanks for listening.”

GAY MCLEAN, Grade XIII.

An Apple

*I stood beneath the apple tree
Because they looked so good to me.
I saw them very big and red
Up above my little head.
That is why I have a lump
Where the apple fell ker-plunk.*

NORMA HUTCHEON.

Christmas Greetings to Dr. Osborne

A FACULTY MEMBER

*Loudly one and all let me forewarn
This poem is about Dr. Osborne!
Not of his past or present I speak
But into the future — Let's take a peek—*

*Years have gone by and he's still going to school
Successfully teaching the Golden Rule—
He's seen the rise and he's seen the fall
Of the hem of the tunics worn in the hall.*

*The years have been kind to our Dr. O.
He's spry, and still energetic: you know
His eye isn't dim, and his hair is still rooted
But Longs versus Knee-highs is still being disputed!*

*Each Thursday he still rushes off to T.O.
For Chapel and lectures, he's yet on the go.
His little black book is still bulging with names
Of boys dying to come to the dances and games!*

*The Faculty, too, are full to the brim
With Goodness and Mercy and Vigor and Vim—
Old as they are, they still look nifty
Having been with him since the year 1950.*

*And still every year at the holiday time
They gather together for party sublime—
The children all settled with dreams in their heads
Unless they are making up apple-pie-beds!*

*Each year all remember the Christmases past
When into the Cottage they came like a blast
Of sharp winter air — I'm sure that we scare 'em
When we shout 'Merry Christmas from all of your harem'.*

Un Viaje Par Mar

Un día mi familia y yo hicimos un viaje par mar. El barco en que estuvimos era muy grande que le gustó a mi hermana porque los barcos le gustan a ella. Hacía mucho calor pero no nos molestó. Estuvimos a punto de comenzar cuando Juan, mi hermano, cayó en el agua. Sin embargo uno de los marineros le pescó del aqua; todos rieron.

La perspectiva del barco era francamente bellissima. El mar era de varios tintos de azul y verde y la sierra al derecho era un fondo para las arboledas espesas de verde. Ella ofrecía una pintura hermosa. Por un rato mi padre había estadó pescando de la falúa cuando en seguida cogó un pscó pero se perso tan agitado que él cayó también! Qué vista! De consiguiente habíamos ido a casa terminando un maravilloso viaje par mar.

DENISE SPRINGER, Grade XIII

A Sonnet

*In May when soft winds pierce our solitudes,
I search for wildflowers in their hidden nook;
While walking slowly and in pensive mood
Through woods and by the sluggish brook.
Sddenly, I find them with their sprightly look
Making earth brighter with their beauty gay
And giving pleasure, never found in book:
Spreading their petal skirts in proud array,
For here might the fairies come to play
Or dance, on petals fallen in the pool;
With songs of redbirds here their homage pay
Or dip their brilliant plumage into waters cool;
In silent homage I, who all these beauties know,
Reverently bow my head to Him who maketh all things grow.*

NORMA HUTCHEON.

Estrella's Cat Betty

Betty, the little cat in our house was looking for trouble, and she was going to find it.

It was Saturday morning and the cook was going to bake a chocolate cake. She laid everything ready, the butter and the milk, the sugar, the chocolate and some other things. She put these things on a table near the window of the kitchen. On the other side of the window sat Betty, who was sleeping. Maria, the cook, opened the window to let the fresh air in, and started to work.

At first, Betty heard things moving and making a noise around her, but she didn't pay any attention. Betty was enjoying the beautiful morning. Then she smelled the milk, and her big green eyes were widely opened, and her tongue was moving from one place to another. Silently and rapidly, she was on her feet moving toward the milk. In that moment Maria looked up at her, and knew Betty's intentions. She moved the milk to another table where she was baking, and went away to get the cream.

This was the chance that Betty was waiting for. She moved toward the little table, and made a jump from the window to the table, but then she had to do another jump to the other table. But O-o-o-o! She missed. She landed in the dish where Maria was baking the cake. She was really in a difficult place, and was trying to get out. When the cook appeared in the door of the kitchen with her mouth wide open and her arms at her waist, she looked at Betty furiously, and ran to catch her.

Betty was looking for trouble, and she found it, because that day she had to take another bath, and was sent to bed without supper.

ESTRELLA AUDAI, Grade XI.

Summertime

*The lilting breeze, the drifting clouds,
The flower-scented air;
The honey bees, the babbling brook,
The annual county fair.
The joyful throng of boys and girls
At play beneath the sun.
All these we miss with longing hearts,
When summer days are done.*

NANCY CHAPMAN, Grade XIII

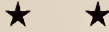
Old Girl Notes

Engagements

Joyce Bell to Alan Mason.

Joan Mutch to Marty McDowell.

Joan Remus to Lincky Mangotich .



Marriages

Barbara Barnes to J. C. da Silva.

Barbara Boake to William Paterson in Downsview United Church in October 1950.

Gwendolyn Bond to Robin Leigh Hall of Australia in Edmonton on Feb. 26, 1951.

Margaret Dougherty to Murry Morton in St. Thomas.

Jane Elizabeth Goodchild to Eric Cameron Scott at O.L.C. Sept. 16, 1950.

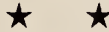
Sharon Kerbel to George Zuckerman in Holy Blossom Temple, Toronto, on January 9, 1951.

Barbara Joyce King to Henry Alexander Feith-Deymel in Timothy Eaton Memorial Church Chapel, Toronto in October, 1950.

Barbara Joan Nightingale to John Richard Gordon at St. George's United Church, Toronto, on October 14, 1950.

Mary Caroline Stinson to John Donald Watt at Trinity United Church, Toronto, on Dec. 16, 1950.

Glenna Marie Wylie to James MacDonald Duff in Bolton, on February 17, 1950.



Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Baldwin (Mary Elinor Wing) a son, David, August 4, 1950, in Buffalo, N.Y.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Campeau (Mary Turner) a son, in Windsor.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur N. Colquhoun (Shirley Parsons) a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Jamieson (Betty Holdcroft) a son, on July 18, 1950, in Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Sully (Gail Saunders) a son, Mark, on November 24, 1950, in Goderich.

Students and Addresses, 1950-51

- Armstrong, Margaret—240 Powell Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
- Audai, Estrella—Carrera II #73-40, Bogota, Colombia.
- Audai, Myriam—Carrera II #73-40, Bogota, Colombia.
- Audai, Perla—Carrera II #73-40, Bogota, Colombia.
- Baltuch, Ducey—Apartado 564, Maracaibo, Venezuela.
- Belanger, Victoria—'The Claridge' Apt. #5, 220 Grand Allee, Quebec, Que.
- Brathwaite, Gertrude—360 Craig St. W., Suite 230, Montreal, Que.
- Brouse, Diane—298 First Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
- Byberg, Vera—Matachewan, Ontario.
- Bellinger, Carroll—38 Montclair Ave., Toronto, Ont.
- Bellinger, Novarre—38 Montclair Ave., Toronto, Ont.
- Capdevila, Pilar—Carrera IO #22-80, Bogota, Colombia.
- Carcamo, Marianela—P.O. Box 785, Ciudad Trujillo Sil, D.R.
- Challener, Shirley—19 Cardinal Place, Toronto, Ont.
- Chapman, Nancy—37 Highland Ave., Fort Erie, Ont.
- Clark, Frances—Collins Bay, Ont.
- Cooper, Marlene — 115 Blackburn, Ottawa, Ont.
- Cooper, Rochelle — 115 Blackburn, Ottawa, Ont.
- Clohesy, Patricia — 3025 McAnally Rd., Victoria, B.C.
- Deller, Nancy—Palais Royale, 365 Lakeshore Rd., Toronto, Ontario.
- Donnelly, Adele—Loring, Ontario.
- Douglas, Mary Margaret—Napanea, Ontario.
- Dunbar, Diane—125 Tamerack St., Timmins, Ont.
- Dick, Elaine — 100 McNaughton Ave., Chatham, Ont.
- Ellerbeck, Eleanor—Collins Bay, Ontario.
- Elliott, Peggy Ann—625 Cleveland Drive, Buffalo 21, N.Y.
- Feldman, Rona — 3766 Vendome Ave., Mont., Que.
- Farr, Margaret — 100 Matchedash St., Orillia, Ont.
- Franco, Julieta—Plaza Baralt 5, Maracaibo, Ven. S.A.
- Franco, Pula—Plaza Baralt 5, Maracaibo, Ven. S.A.
- Free, Rosalind—Sunderland, Ont.
- Gameroff, Rona — 4559 Michel-Bibaud Ave., Mont., Que.
- Giberstein, Zulamita — 'Monte Carmelo' Ave. Rizquaz, Maracaibo, Venezuela, S.A.
- Gray, Gary Ann—66 Courcellette Rd., Toronto, Ont.
- Gray, Patricia—74 Veronica Dr., Port Credit, Ont.
- Grierson, Barbara—3 Opeongo Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
- Hendel, Brenda—Ave. 3A No. 15 Esq., Calle 13, Marianao, Havana, Cuba.
- Hopper, Carol—51 Belvedere Blvd., Toronto, Ont.
- Hosie, Susanne—2559 Bloor St. W., Apt. 301, Toronto, Ont.
- Howey, Rosemary—Aurora, Ont.
- Hutcheon, Norma—Chippawa, Ont.
- Irwin, Mary—519 Hunter St. W., Peterborough, Ont.
- Kempe, Barbara — 'Oleander Brakes' Southampton East, Bermuda.
- Ketcheson, Barbara—Tweed, Ont.
- Knight, Beverley — 228 Balmoral Ave., Toronto.
- Kussner, Joanne—Kapuskasing, Ont.
- Lee, Diane—R.R. #2, Oshawa, Ont.
- Levy, Bella — Apartado 1735, Caracas, Venezuela.
- Levy, Pula — Apartado 1735, Caracas, Venezuela.
- Levy, Victoria—Apartado 1735, Caracas, Venezuela.
- Liverman, Ellen—4040 Oxford Ave., Montreal, Que.
- Lundy, Adrienne—257 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Students and Addresses, 1950-51

MacDonald, Margie—5-8th St., Noranda, Quebec.

Margles, Ruth—Cobourg, Ont.

Mark, Joanne — 129 Buckingham Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Mark, Marilyn — 129 Buckingham Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Meadd, Helen—214 Bedford St., Cornwall, Ont.

Meeking, Sylvia—93 Lake Ave., Stoney Creek, Ont.

Mothersill, Joan—661 Manor Rd., Rockcliffe Pk., Ottawa, Ont.

Mount, Alice—37 Opeongo Rd., Ottawa, Ont.

Munro, Karen — 43 Humbercrest Blvd., Toronto, Ont.

Murphy, Patricia—32 First St., Coniston, Ontario.

Myles, Dawn—62 Glenvale Blvd., Leaside, Ont.

McCabe, Valerie—Whitby, Ontario.

McKenzie, Kay—Port Elgin, Ontario.

McLean, Gay—9 Bayview Court, Apt. 5, Sheppard Avenue E., Lansing, Ontario.

Nichol, Carol—Sutton West, Ontario.

Norman, Barbara—83 St. Clair Ave. W., Apt. 101, Toronto, Ontario.

Nunn, Marlene — Battleford, Saskatchewan.

Osumi, Midori—16 Hiawatha Pkwy., Port Credit, Ont.

Phelan, Jean—Arnprior, Ontario.

Potter, Wilma—Stamford Centre, Ontario.

Rabain, Helen—Happy Valley Rd., Pembroke East, Bermuda.

Rabain, Leonora — Happy Valley Rd., Pembroke East, Bermuda.

Read, Elizabeth—Gatineau Mills, Quebec.

Ruddy, Nancy — 352 Algonquin Ave., North Bay, Ont.

Saunders, Constance — 48 Castle Frank Rd., Toronto, Ont.

Simms, Lois—Port Loring, Ontario.

Springer, Denise—4 Robinwood Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Shannon, Nancy—R.R. #1 Richmond Hill, Ontario.

Stasick, Natalie — 4280 Sandwich St., Windsor, Ont.

Sweet, Joan—Seeley's Bay, Ontario.

Taylor, Barbara—2 Strathallan Blvd., Toronto, Ont.

Taylor, Marie—Sunderland, Ont.

Taylor, Thelma — 222 S. May St., Fort William, Ont.

Teskey, Diane—15 Laxton Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Trumper, Jessie — c/o Tropical Oil Co., Barranca Bermeja, Colombia, S.A.

Umphrey, Shirley—R.R. #1, Oshawa, Ont.

Vorg-Bance, Blanca—Jesuitas a Maturin 12, Caracas, Venezuela.

Wigston, Joan—Box 372, North Bay, Ontario.

Williams, Marijo—430 Masson St., Oshawa, Ont.

Willis, Helen—27 Rosehill Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Wornell, Marjorie—Ashton, Ontario.

Yarnold, Rita—92 Jarvis St., Orillia, Ont.

Young, Diane—222 John St. N., Hamilton, Ont.

DAY GIRLS

Brown, Joyce—Pickering, Ont.

Collacutt, Joan—285 King St. W., Oshawa, Ont.

Earle, Pamela—Box 128, Whitby, Ontario.

Earle, Patricia — Box 128, Whitby, Ontario.

Ferguson, Mary—Whitby, Ontario.

Geikie, Ann—317 Simcoe St. N., Oshawa, Ontario.

Grobb, Mary Elizabeth—Whitby, Ontario.

Holliday, Jane—Whitby, Ontario.

Humphreys, Donna—136 Alexander St., Oshawa, Ont.

Lawrence, Elizabeth—Brooklin, Ontario.

Martin, Barbara—R.R. #2, Pickering, Ontario.

Martin, Beverly—R.R. #2, Pickering, Ontario.

McDonald, June—14½ King St. W., Oshawa, Ontario.

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